

P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS,

CHIEFLY PASTORAL,

BY

J. R I C H A R D S O N, <

A YORKSHIRE VOLUNTEER.

W I N C H E S T E R :

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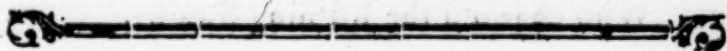
P O E M S



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			POEMS



P O E M S

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

A P A S T O R A L.

TO PHILLIS.

WHILST FLORA thro' the mantling bow'rs,
 In elegant array,
 Bestrews a thousand fragrant flow'rs,
 In complement to MAY.

This oaten pipe, so long forsook,
 I'll tune to playful strains ;

B

Such

Such CORYDON (dear Shepherd) took,
 Who charm'd the list'ning Swains.

Where ITCHEN's silver currents flow,
 By CATH'RINE's banks along,
 And willows dank and sedges grow,
 Shall nurse the artless song.

But chief thy praise O fairest Maid !
 The Shepherd must rehearse ;
 Whose labours all are overpaid,
 When PHILLIS reads his Verse.

Oft, as a cooing constant Pair,
 In yonder Elm I see ;
 Their Joys I fondly would compare,
 With those I prove with THEE.

But, not the sweetly billing Doves,
 In Beauty's happiest train,
 Are half so fond, can boast such loves,
 As PHILLIS and her SWAIN. SPRING.

[7]

S P R I N G.

A PASTORAL.

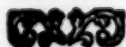
NOW SPRING, chearful season's return'd,
Be joyous ye sons of the spray;
Why longer should Nature be mourn'd?
Come PHILLIS and listen my lay.

O come my delight and my love,
Thy Shepherd no artfulness knows;
The wreath that you yesterday wove,
To day shall be fix'd on my brows.

And FLORA shall lend me her stores,
For FLORA must shortly be here;
To crown THEE, my fair one, with flow'rs,
Such crowns, even Goddeffes wear.

See, see how the Primroses grow,
 What violets the hedges adorn ;
 Already the sloe-bushes blow,
 Diffusing their sweets to the morn.

Bright Phœbus in golden array,
 Revivits our borders again,
 Ye villager Virgins be gay,
 Be jovial each jocular Swain.



THE
HAPPY SWAIN.

A PASTORAL.

Recall'd from the brink of despair,
As light as a Feather's my mind;
Disolv'd in the winds all my care,
Now PHILLIS has vow'd to be kind.

As blithesome and chearful as May,
Together we range o'er the green;
Her beauties I pipe all the day,
All night I embrace her, my Queen.

Such innocent fondness, ye swains,
The great ones are strangers unto,

And Kings (for we live on the plains)
But rarely such happiness know.

If daisies I pluck for her hair,
Or bil-berries bring from the rocks;
She smiles!—a reward!—the sweet fair,
And welcomes me back to the flocks.

A WREATH now my Charmer has wove,
Of myrtle, and woodbine, and bays,
[Fond token of conjugal love]
And “take it my Shepherd” she says.

As Muse, she engages my song,
My hours now are happily spent;
The Shepherds I’m envy’d among,
But care not, am wed to CONTENT.

A SONG.

A S O N G,

TO PHILLIS.

AH! PHILLIS why that coy reserve?
 Dear, sweet, but cruel, maid;
 'Tis smiles alone, not frowns, will serve,
 To heighten beauty's shade.

What tho' those cheeks with crimson glow,
 Those lips with rubies vie;
 That neck surpasses unfullied snow,
 The solar blaze that eye.—

They're momentary charms thou'lt find,
 Vain trifling flowers that fade;
 Whilst Virtue dignifies the mind,
 And love exalts the maid.

DESPONDENCY,

OR THE

MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

SOON as AURORA streak'd the dewy lawn,
And crimson blushes grac'd the op'ning
dawn;

Hard by the entrance of a neighb'ring wood.

The lovely, fair, complaining PHILLIS stood;

Her aspect wild, with loose dishevell'd hair,

Her dress was careless, and her bosom bare;

Her filken mantle balmy Zephyrs drew,

And thus, she, *Swan-like*, sung her last adieu.

Farewel ye flow'ry meads, sweet russet plains,

Ye blooming virgins, and ye jocund swains

Ye

Ye hills, ye dales, and you ye blofs'ming groves,
 For ever conscious of our many loves,
 Farewell, O TEESE ! in never ebbing tides,
 Flow on and lave thy willow-fringed fides ;
 The faithless DAMON has forgot his vow,
 For ever backward ; ever, ever flow !

Witness ye stars, that gild the concav'd height
 And THOU th'imperial Empress of the night,
 How oft the perjur'd, guileful DAMON swore,
 By all the love you for ENDYMION bore,
 By thund'ring JOVE, the world's sole sovereign
 King,

PARNASSUS mount, and by the Muses spring
 Whene'er his vows should vanish into air,
 Or fancy any but his PHILLIS fair
 As soon should LUNA guide her brother's car,
 And HE (not JUNO's Son) preside o'er war.

Rise, lovely CYNTHIA, to a nobler sphere,
 And be the Day's delightful Charioteer,

APOLLO

APOLLO, quit thy richly blazon'd throne,
 And bind the Warrior's saving helmet on :
 He's false ! forsworn ! perfidious DAMON's fled,
 And all my vows, and all my hopes are dead.

Again farewell, ye once endearing shades,
 Ye love-wrought arbours, and ye sun-chear'd
 glades,
 Where fragrant breezes shed their rich perfume,
 Sweet as th' Arabian or Peruvian gum ;
 And thousand Songsters from the full-leav'd
 sprays,
 Sing, but deceive not, in their well-tim'd lays.

Now come, propitious to my fond request,
 Indulgent Death,—and ease my tortur'd breast ;
 Pleas'd I'll attend thee to thy peaceful home,
 Thou kind Reliever of the wretched—come.

[15]

A N

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

A Y O U N G L A D Y.

STRAY as youlike, my lambs, I care not how,
Or on the plain, or on the mountain's brow;
Browſe o'er the uplands 'mongſt the ſhaggy rocks
Or mix unminded, with ſome ſtranger flocks;
For ah! my days of ſhepherding are o'er,
Since SELIMA, lov'd SELIMA's no more,

Untun'd my pipe for ever now remains,
No more with crook I join the playful Swains,
Rich wreaths no more I for her temples twine,
HER flow'ry garlands never more deſign,
By woe engroſs'd, ſhall nurſe the plaintive lay,
And be thou mournful as thy Maſter, TRAY.

Stir

Stir not ye ZEPHYRS, cease thou babling
rill,
Be mute ye warblers, and ye groves be still,
Ye sportive Sylphs that through the woodlands
play,
Ye green rob'd Sisters of the bell-wing'd sea,
Renounce your customs, ever silent be,
Except ye grieve for SELIMA like me.

Those cheeks that 'clips'd the morning's crim-
son hue,
And damask roses on the spangled bough ;
No more the Swains in rap'trous gaze delight,
(The prey of Death and undeserving Night :)
Lament ye GRACES, Patrons of her youth,
Ye VIRTUES, and thou silver-mantled TRUTH.

Loft are those charms of which the dales have
rung,
Clos'd are those eyes, that Heaven accented
tongue,

No

No more in social converse do I hear,
 All that was worthy, loving, or was dear :
 Weep all ye flow'rs, that gem the joyless mead,
 That pride of Virgins, SELIMA is dead !

PHILLIS,

P H I L L I S.

A PASTORAL.

BEgone ye cares that gnaw my breast,
For DAMON will be true,
From doubts, my bosom, be at rest,
Vain jealousies adieu.

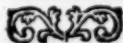
Composed of what, was thou my thought?
Desire, and hope, and fear;
Vain Phantoms, hence ! for you I've nought,
my DAMON is sincere.

Dear Emblem of the happy state,
In yonder poplar boughs

Proud

Proud to enjoy it's milky mate,
A turtle fondly coos.

Such kindness, fure the Swain will prove,
Ye Maids he must be true ;
And PHILLIS to requite his Love,
Be kind as turtle too



A SONG,

A S O N G,
IN PRAISE OF
D O L L Y.

LET others sing of this or that,
Be gay or melancholy;
I'd pass alone, in gleeesome chat,
My hours with smiling DOLLY.

Of all the maids that trip the Green,
Devoid of pride and folly,
There's none so handsome, boasts a mein
So graceful half as DOLLY.

Her auburn locks the Zephyrs kiss,
She's blithesome, fair, and jolly ;

Ye Gods ! I ask no greater bliss,
But grant me smiling DOLLY.

Then unconcern'd I'll pass them by,
Coquetish PHILL and MOLLY ;
My fancy ever more employ,
The lovely peerless DOLLY.



A S O N G,

IN PRAISE OF MISS W A R D.

O Aid me ye musical Nine,
 APOLLO too, deign with regard,
 To smile on thy vot'ry's design,
 Who'd sing of the beautiful WARD.

Fair HELEN, that much toasted Dame,
 May strike into rapture some Bard,
 But I whilst permitted to name,
 Will sing of the beautiful WARD.

TO SPARTA, or EGYPT, who'd roam
 For themes, such I wholly discard,
 When Nature designs them at home,
 Such noble distinctions as WARD.

Ye

Ye vulgar away from my fight,
 For you not a thought have I spar'd;
 ut where all the Graces unite,
 The peerless, accomplished WARD.

Or whether she frowns at my lay,
 Or smiles (the Poet's reward)
 It matters not; bright as the day,
 And worthy extolling is WARD:



A

S O N G,

ROUSE Britons from fashion and dice.
Repair to the beat of the drum.

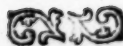
Away with Corruption and Vice,
Let courage engage you to come.

The cause of your Nation defend,
Against the usurp'tion of FRANCE,
And let it be said in the end,
With courage you boldly advance.

See, VICTORY rides on the main,
And HARDY, the Hero, diffuse;
Such balls for BRITANNIA again,
As earst the brave KEPPEL would use.

We'll

We'll drub them, my boys, never fear,
Exult in your CAUSE for it's good ;
And suppliant they'll straightway appear,
With Olives to be understood.



A P A S T O R A L.
E L E G Y,

On the Death of MR. THO. SADLER,
of WHITCHURCH, in Shropshire; a famous
DIARIAN.

YE Shepherds since DAMON is dead,
Our DAMON that sweetly could sing;
Since Nature's glad Songster is fled,
Accept the sad tribute I bring.

The soft trilling Sisters lament,
They grieve on the HELICON shore;
And thus while their anguish they vent,
Exclaim, "Is our DAMON no more?"

"Ye Fates"—thus they chide as they weep,
"Why spun ye his life-time so fast?"

"Or

“ Or why, the sad few that we’d keep,

“ To kill are ye ever in haste.

For DAMON (fond Shepherd) they lov’d,

Who piped so sweet on the plains,

The mead, and the lawns he approv’d,

Where now but dull languidness reigns.

The Nymphs that were wonted on DEE,

To listen his song and be glad,

That danc’d to his metre with glee,

Are now all gloomy and sad.

Consumed are all the gay flow’rs,

At the milking no singing is heard ;

The Birds are all mute in the bow’rs,

And Nature declines for her BARD.

How mild, yet how jocund his lays,

DIARA would call him her own ;

He drop'd, but encircl'd with bays,
He fell, but enwrap'd with renown.

Ye Swains, bring me hither his Flute,
The Flute that my DAMON would use,
And let me, for none it will suit,
Now break it, or give it his Muse.

And each bring his straw-pipe along,
The straw-pipe that PASTORA gave;
We'll commemorate him in song,
We'll join in a dirge by his grave.



WINTER,

W I N T E R,

A PASTORAL.

A H! whither bright PHŒBUS so fast?
 Why post it so quickly away?
 To what distant climate such haste,
 Great source, and sole Regent of day?

The flowrets —— not one now remains,
 For gone is their life-beaming God;
 Save daisies, a few on the plains,
 That languish and droop on the clod.

Dear v'lets, your loss I bemoan,
 But, destin'd by FATE was your doom;
 My pinks, but for this were you blown,
 And PHILLIS was fond of your bloom.

Dispoil'd

Dispoil'd are the jessmines of of green,
 Their fragrance the woobines have lost ;
 A rose-bud—not one to be seen,
 Enchain'd lies the riv'let by frost.

The blackbird's mellifluous notes,
 No more from the thickets resound ;
 No linnets distend their sweet throats,
 No songster of joy to be found.

All, all seem in sadness to mourn,
 Distorted and ranfack'd the year ;
 But Phœbus, in sooth, will return,
 And joy to illumine the sphere.

So Man (for his date is no more)
 Just passes, we sorrow a while ;
 The year of his life but is o'er,
 And Mirth gives the pleasure-form'd smile

T H E
T E A R.

HOW prone the bosom is to sigh,
How prone to weep the human eye ;
As thro' this painful life we steer,
This valley of the Sigh and TEAR.

When Saints lift up their souls in prayer,
Redeem'd from sin, remorse, and care ;
Possess'd with hope, and holy fear,
'Tis then the Christian's pious TEAR.

When every parting pang is o'er,
And Friends long absent meet once more ;
Fraught with delight, and love sincere,
'Tis then sweet Friendship's joyful TEAR,

When

When by the heart with sorrow griev'd,
A thousand blessings are receiv'd ;
With every comfort that can cheer,
'Tis then bright Virtue's grateful TEAR.

When two fond lovers, doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart ;
Torn from the object each holds dear,
'Tis then, alas ! the parting TEAR.

Where wretches on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation sign'd ;
The end of earthly-being near,
'Tis then soft Pity's gentle TEAR.

When one Friend sees another bleed,
Or suffer anguish, pain, or need ;
Then, then involv'd in smart severe,
We drop the sympathetic TEAR

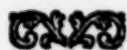
If on some lovely creature's face,
 Rich in proportion, colour, grace ;
 A pearly drop should once appear,
 'Tis then the lovely, beautiful TEAR.

When Mothers—O ! the grateful sight,
 Their children view with fond delight ;
 Surrounded by a charge so dear,
 'Tis then the sweet maternal TEAR.

When lovers see the beautiful maid,
 To whom their fond attention's paid,
 With conscious blushing, sobs appear,
 'Tis then the lovely pleading TEAR.

When two dear Friends of kindred mind,
 By every generous TIE conjoin'd,
 Behold their dreaded parting near,
 'Tis then, O then ! the bitter TEAR.

But when the wretch with fins oppress'd,
 Strikes in an agony his breast ;
 When torn with grief, distress, and fear,
 'Tis then the best, the saving TEAR.



A SONG.

[35]

TO

W I S D O M.

AN

O D E,

IN IMITATION OF ANACHREON.

WISDOM, VIRTUE's sacred fire,
Nymph cœlestial, touch my lyre,
Goddeſs, harmonize my lay,
Teach me thine all-hallowed way;
Whether in the gloomy wood,
Whether in the briny flood,
Whether in the flow'ry grove,
Whether in the realms above,
Make me thine Attendant ſtill,
Form me PALLAS, to thy will;

Lead

Lead me to thy happy sphere,
 Where vicissitudes the year.
 Proves not over :—all is one,
 Rolling endless ages on.
 Fairer than the fairest face,
 Love, and innocence, and grace,
 Truth and meek humility,
 Stay congenial maid with THEE.

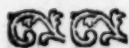
Thou, whom mortals should revere,
 Waft before the Heavens were ;
 Or yon vaulted canopy,
 Or the star bespangled Sky ;
 'Ere the sun himself, or ought,
 Was from shapeless CHAOS brought,
 Be thou mine, I would no gems,
 Crowns or costly diadems,
 Pearls, or what the nations boast,
 Spread on sultry Guinea's coast.

A S O N G.

To CHLOE.

CEASE thou trifling God to tease me,
 CUPID with this dart of thine ;
 Kinder be ; O tell and ease me,
 Shall fair CHLOE e'er be mine ?

Must I languish for the Charmer ?
 Feel more agonizing smart ?
 No—be gracious and disarm her,
 Split in twain her icy heart.



THE
PASTORAL QUEEN.

In imitation of CUNNINGHAM.

ENOUGH, now my PHYLLIS is kind as
 she's fair,
 And no Shepherdess fairer can be ;
 Take, take O ye winds DAMON'S burthen of
 care,
 For no Villager's happy as he.

Reclin'd by some rill, whilst our lambs are at
 play,
 For my pipe we soft sonnets compose ;
 Each ev'ning recount all the pleasures of day,
 And retire with our flocks to repose.

Our straw-roofed cot with no grandeur abounds,
 Yet CONTENTMENT's there pleas'd to reside,
 The casement a curling sweet woodbine fur-
 rounds,
 Which was planted and nurs'd by my bride.

A wreath she entwin'd, and fix'd on my brows,
 'Tother day in an eglantine grove ;
 Saying " This my fond Swain's a reward for
 thy vows,
 And a token of conjugal love."

While CONSTANCY lives, THIS, uninjur'd by
 Time,
 Shall declare thee the pride of the plain,
 Eternize thy name in eulogies sublime,
 By the title, THE FAITHFULLEST SWAIN.

Such kindness I thus will, ye Shepherds, repay,
 With a mantle of beautiful green ;
 A primrosy garland to hail the new May,
 And denote her, THE PASTORAL QUEEN.



THE
M O R A L R O S E.

Written in 1777, and inscribed to my late Wife,
then Miss Coats.

G O, emblem of the vivid bloom,
On ROSALINDA's cheek;
Fair short-liv'd work of Nature's loom,
Be Moralist and speak.

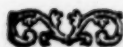
“ Prize not too much admired maid,
The charm that fades so soon,
Ah ! think thy beauty's but a shade,
Or but a rose at noon,—

That by revokeless Fate's decree,
E'er ev'ning must decay ;

So

So tranfient all the pageantry,
Of life's uncertain day.

Attun'd for more exalted views,
Intent on Virtue ftill,
Search Reafon's paths, where Wifdom fhews
Truth's harmonizing will.



A N E L E G Y

O N A

B R O T H E R,

Killed near TICONDEROGO, in AMERICA;
after serving TWENTY-ONE Years in the
31st Regiment of Foot.

BEgone! unseason'd, mirthful Muse, begone!
And come MELPOMENE, assist my strain,
That tears can draw from savage-breasted stone,
To sing the Brother,—darling brother! slain.

How oft victorious from the wars he came,
To mind let Gaul's ignoble sons recal;

And the time-taking, subtle Spaniard, name,
Or the wild Carib, for HE battled all.

Thrice seven-times round has Phoebus car been
driven,

Since first he shone array'd in armour bright ;
Two hundred times and seventy-three, it'h'
Heaven,

Has fill'd, and wain'd, the sober Queen of
Night.

Now, ah ! no more pleas'd Victor to return,
Slain by a lawless, ill-advised crew :

Lament ye Warriors o'er a Soldier's urn,
For such a loss, excess of grief's your due.

And see ! methinks, on yonder sanguin'd plain,
Woes pointing out the partner of his life,
Who cross'd th'Atlantic (bad-condition'd main)
The vent'rous Heroine, and the virtuous
Wife.

But

But lovely, mournful, widow'd Sister, peace !

O give thyself not wholly up to grief ;

Stifle the sigh, and bid the tear surcease,

Still Britain's isle is gracious in relief.



THE
BUCKS SONG.

Written for the Club, at BIRMINGHAM, and
set to Music by Mr. ELLIS.

ENslaved no longer to PASSION,
Resolv'd I'm by JOVE to be free;
A LIBERTINE——thus in the fashion,
Can mirth with a Bond-man agree?

Away with this damnable whining,
She's coy; ——but I care not a straw;
Another, may be more inclining,
A curse on these answers, no, no.

Tho' PHILLIS deny me, and KITTY,
I scorn, as their DUPE, to lament;

For

For dem'me, Sirs, girls in the city,
 Are plenty as hop-poles in KENT.

Then, Friends to the cause fill your glasses,
 In BACCHUS's revels there's health ;
 And blest with what grandure surpasse,
 We'll spurn at MIDAS's wealth.



THE
FORCE OF LOVE.

A SONG.

IN vain I touch the warbling lute,
To chear my love-sick mind ;
Or plumb-tree pipe, or boxen flute,
Unless my DELIA's kind.

Unless the Nymph, that reigns confess'd,
Queen of the joys I share,
Vouchsafes to drive from out my breast,
The pain that rankles there.

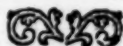
For, ah ! in love, the fev'rish soul,
Flies madd'ning thro' the brain ;

And

And Arts that should the sense controul,
But combat with DISDAIN.

So * TEESE, when rain-swoln from his Dale.
In furious tumult drives ;
Nor mounds, nor willowed banks avail,
Nor ought the Swain contrives.

* A River which divides the County of Durham
from Yorkshire.



[50]

A

N U P T I A L
S O N G,

RATTLING in the chains of union,
Hail! ye fetter'd Captives, hail!
Welcome to love's free dominion,
Welcome to CYTHERIA's Vale.

CHORUS.—Welcome to &c.

HYMEM, (jolly HYMEN) greets ye,
All the Graces round you play;
VENUS from her PAPHOS meets ye,
NATURE, smiling, marks the way.

CHO.—VENUS from &c.

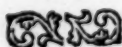
Strew

Strew it o'er with pinks and daifies,
 Hark ! the sweet SUADA cries ;
 Now DIONE's Grandson raises,
 Shouts that serenade the Skies.

CHO.—Now DIONE's &c.

A I R.

Happiest Nymph, happiest swain,
 Pride of thousands, of the Plain ;
 Be ever lovesome ever gay,
 And celebrate the NUPTIAL DAY.



THE
CONTENTS.

Being a true Character of Miss M—G—,
a much admired young Lady in SALOP.

Enough propitious Gods, I ask no more,
She's kind the beautiful Nymph whom I
adore ;

All good, all gracious, heavenly, all divine,
And I'm FLAVONIA's, and FLAVONIA's mine.

Her ev'ry turn, what modest meekness shows,
Each lip a coral, cheek a blushing rose ;
Her forehead marble, teeth enammel'd set,
Her hair soft curling, and of polish'd jet ;
Her eyes,—but can I name her eyes !—appear,
Bright as the Onyx, as the dew-drops clear.

In

In shape genteel, of a becoming air,
 Surpassing—but unconscious that she's fair ;
 And fairer still, with mental charms endu'd,
 Of which, alone, to cultivate she's proud ;
 And here sweet ease, with soft complacency ;
 Virtue with sense, and sense with piety ;
 Good-natur'd, affable, benevolent,
 And blest'd with all that WISDOM ever meant
 For Mortals weal ;—Such plausible worths combine,
 And I'm FLAVONIA's, and FLAVONIA's mine.



HOWE'S NUPTIALS.

A S O N G.

Written about the time General How took New
YORK, LONG-ISLAND, &c.

SINCE INDEPENDENCE is their aim,
On t'other side the Ocean,
BRITANNIA's lawful rights to claim,
How vain their bant'ring notion.

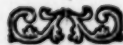
Her Heros soon, with roaring guns,
Will scatter wide her thunder,
Whilst HANCOCK, baseless Upstart, runs.
And listning Nations wonder.

As fell M——y, so must all,
Who lawless, order threaten;

The

The hoary WASHINGTON must fall,
And blust'ring LEE be beaten.

Now HOWE directs th'uplifted sword,
Unsheath'd to mark his glory,
Whilst ALBION's warlike Youths record,
His NUPTIALS with VICTORY.



A P A S T O R A L.

ON THE COMING OF

P H O E B E and M A Y.

BEDECK yourselves, ye wanton flow'rs,
 In all your finest blooms;
 Awake ye softly thrilling pow'rs,
 My iofy PHŒBE comes.

She comes, and with the smiling MAY,
 Whilst 'mid the blossom'd trees,
 Young gamesome, morning Zephyrs play
 The odorif'rous breeze.

See yonder cowslip hangs it's head,
 Because the Nymph's more fair;

As

And daifies o'er the dappled mead,
Announce my charmer there.

Her foremost in floralion dance,
Mark, o'er the shady green,
To greet, whilst Villagers advance,
My PACÆBE, and their Queen.

As tokens of their grateful love,
The Nymphs and Shepherds bring
Rich primrose garlands fitly wove,
And woo the welcome Spring.

Their dulcet throats, the tuneful Choir,
In sweeter notes distend ;
And turtles coo with fond desire,
And pines and poplars bend.

As Lovers, to the riv'let's tide,
The pliant willows bow ;

And graceful o'er it's verdrous side,
What pinks and vi'lets grow.

This for my PHŒBE, virgins, this,
Creation now is gay ;
I'll hail her with a faithful kifs,
And welcome genial MAY.



V E R S E S
TO
A Y O U N G L A D Y,

On her charging the AUTHOR with Infidelity.

Written at BIRMINGHAM, May, 1774.

TO clear thy doubts and vindicate my cause,
By just ANTEROS, and his sacred laws;
By OCEAN's God, and by the Prince of HELL,
By all the Powers that on OLYMPUS dwell;
No love I've made to woman-kind but you,
'Tis thus I SWEAR, believe me firmly true.

And, ah! why charge me with falacious art,
When THOU, ALONE, art Mistress of my heart;

With THEE it reigns, nor time, nor place can
move,

The dear, the vast remembrance of thy love.

Well may your Village with thy charms re-
found,

When more than VENUS thou'rt a Goddess
found :

Well may the Shepherds tune their doric lays,
And smoothly pipe the sweet MARIA's praise.

Did PARIS live, he'd thee O Maid ! prefer,
To SPARTA's Queen, who caus'd a ten years
war :

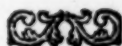
More charms in YOU, than HELEN, would he
see,

But hapless then ! he'd SOAR to rival me.

Were Juno told so bright a Nymph dwelt here,
She'd fret and waste, thro' jealousy and fear,
Left JOVE, the thund'ring JOVE, the news }
should hear.

Let

Let fair AURORA usher in the morn,
 Let crystalizing drops bedew the thorn ;
 Let FLORA, with her gay attendants rove,
 And charm the sense in ev'ry myrtle grove ;
 Yet in AURORA, I no pleasures view,
 Nor is rich FLORA more a Queen than you.



A P A S T O R A L
E L E G Y,

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. GEO. COUGHRON,

An incomparable MATHEMATICIAN, late of
NEWCASTLE-UPON TYNE.

First published in the TOWN AND COUNTRY
MAGAZINE, for JUNE, 1774.

YE lovers of science lament,
No longer must COUGHRON impart,
What deep in rich NAEURE lies pent,
E'en truths of misterous art.

A worthy

A worthy acquaintance to all,

His passions were gen'rous and free ;
Renowned and great in his fall,
Nor saw more than years twenty-three.

On banks of meandering TWEED,
The YOUTH first would Nature define,
But, urg'd by MINERVA, agreed,
To rifle her stores on the TYNE.

Each Artist his aid would implore,
Affirming him Prince of the train ;
Who could with such majesty soar,
As witness his * CURVE on the PLAIN.

His PHILLIS was heard in the Groves,
Crying, "HE that could please is no more"
Thro'

* His answer to the Prize question in the Gentleman's Diary for 1772, which could only be effected by himself.

Thro' fields of Elyfium he roves,
The King of all Kings to adore.

His judgment, his genius, how great !
His reasoning faculty ftrong ;
A Lawyer, an Artift compleat,
And worthy, thrice worthy, my fong.

His praife, future ages will ring,
Yea myriads of COUGHRON will tell ;
In ftrains undulating will fing,
How wreathed with laurels he fell.



T H E

CLOWN'S COMPLAINT.

T WAS as bright PHŒBUS from the ocean
rose,

And sighing Zephyrs sprang to kiss the boughs ;
That ROGER, artless, as his numbers are,
Reclining, thus address'd his faithless fair .—

“ O SUSAN ! canst thou so ungrateful prove ?
And set at nought thy ROGER's plighted love !
Canst thou forget what goodly fairings I,
Would bring the home ? What pleasing ballads
buy—

With minims set, and pins to deck thy hair ?
Nor ever thought a village-lass so fair—
How canst thou, SUSAN, from thy vows depart ?
Vows, whilst upon thy sheath I carv'd my heart ;

The

The glafs and fpoon, you faid, fhould difagree,
 The much lov'd kettle lofe it's ufe at tea ;
 Christmas fhould turn to Whitsuntide, and reel
 The year about,——as doth thy fav'rite wheel,
 E're thou would faithlefs prove, or change to be,
 The pride, the joy, of any Swain but me.

Now, ah ! ambitious of fome wealthier fpoufe,
 Thou difregard'ft me, difregard'ft thy vows.



[67]

A N

E P I T A P H
O N M Y W I F E,

Who died in Child-bed after a Matrimonial State
of Nine Months; January 28, 1779.

TOO good for earth, by Nature's children
trod,

With Angel-speed, to wait on Nature's God,
Her upward journey took : releas'd from woe
The chosen PATTERN for her sex below.

PHILLYRA,

P H I L L Y R A,

A P A S T O R A L-

Written at S A L O P.

THE beauty of nature my theme,
 Permit, O ye Shepherds, the tone,
 Permit me to pipe by your stream,
 * S A B R I N A, unrivall'd by one.

And now,—for my S C R A N N E L's in tune,
 P H I L L Y R A may listen the while;
 P H I L L Y R A as blooming as J U N E,
 As chaste as simplicity's smile.

Behold H E R——of virgins the pride,
 Ye Swains !——and she's fond of my skill;
For

* The ancient name of the river Severn.

For her the young ZEPHYRS have sigh'd,
And CUPIDS frequented the hill.

Nor pinks, nor the violet's bloom,
Nor poppies the produce of MAY;
Nor the roses in CHLORIS's loom,
Nor CHLORIS herself is so gay,

Soft innocence beams in her eye,
Resplendent, wherever we meet,
Her cheeks are AURORA's own shy,
That crimsons 'neath PHŒBUS's feet.

With transport the * HARBOURS among,
In KINGSLAND, on daisies we tread,

F

Or

* Where the different trades meet once a year, with
Music, Feasting, &c. being about a Mile from the
Town of SHREWSBURY.

Or listen with rapture the song,
Of linnets and larks of the mead.

Yon QUARRY, (ELYSIUM the scene)
Surpassing description,—sweet place !
Where bord'ring the pastures so green,
Tall Limes with their branches embrace.

There oft, we carefs in the shade,
And there my PHYLLIRA and me,
In alcoves that NATURE has made,
By NATURE are taught to agree.



[71]

A N

E P I T A P H

E X T E M P O R E ,

On a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, a Scholar at the
Grammar-School, at WITTON-LE-WEAR,
in the County of DURHAM, whose Death
was occasioned by a Hurt he received at Play
with his Comrades.

SO have we seen a soft expanding rose,
The garden's bliss, and pride of ev'ry eye,
E'er SOL's bright beams could half it's sweets
disclose,
Torn from it's branch, to wither and to die.

VERSES

V E R S E S

In Praise of DELIA.

BE still ye abler Bards whilst I rehearse,
 My fair one's praise in humbly number'd
 verse ;

Ye whom the sisters long have stil'd their own,
 In PHOEBUS's art immortal Masters grown.

And first :—my DELIA gentle is and young,
 As VENUS's birds by Poets often sung ;
 Chaste as the morning, e're the Zephyr's breeze,
 Has kiss'd the branches of the aspin trees ;
 Fair as the Nymph solicited of old,
 By mighty JOVE, in show'rs of winning gold ;

E'en HEBE's self, Heaven's celebrated Fair,
 Boasts not more graces than with DELIA are.

Her

Her eyes, that Nature languishing might cheer,
 The floe's inimitable blackness wear;
 Auburn her locks which oft with art she binds,
 In waving ringlets kiss'd by all the winds;
 Belov'd by CUPIDS, sporters with our hearts,
 Mischevous Gods with deadly pointed darts.
 But vain are words to set her praises forth,
 Vain is that love so prev'lent in the North:
 APPELLES-like, hence must the Muse conceal,
 What youthful, love-sick Poets can't reveal.



PHILLIS,
TO
CLEANTHUS,
[A PERJURED SWAIN]
An EPISTLE.

TO thee, ungrateful, cruel man, to thee,
The rueful cause of all her misery,
Complaining PHILLIS writes; to whom ye all,
“That men can good or women pleasant call,”
In promises bestow’d; but ah! too soon,
Credulous, she believ’d, and was undone!
Did not you swear? ah! yes, you falsely swear
By PHŒBUS, Day’s transcendent God, before
Twice round his axis should his chariot burn,
Thou wouldst, O perfidy! thou wouldst return.
Six times that orb it’s Revolutions been,
Yet I’ve nor thee, nor friendly letter seen.
Oft to the winds I make my piteous moan,
The winds less changeful than ALBERTUS’s son;
To

To caves and rocks where pining Eccho dwells,
 Now fit companion of those direful cells ;
 She for NARCISSUS grieves,—fair, cruel swain,
 And I of false CLEANTHUS must complain.

Again, and oft, resolving thus I cry,
 “ He comes !—the darling of my Soul is nigh ;
 Haste all ye Loves, prepare the nuptial bed,
 Where PHILLIS must be by CLEANTHUS led ;
 From much fam’d CYPRUS, bring your choicest
 stores,

And sweetest odures from rich Paphian bow’rs.”
 Phantoms so frantic, but delude my brain,
 Doom’d ne’r to see that killing form again ;
 Some other Nymph, I fear, supplies my place,
 Now courts the fond, but ah ! the false embrace ;
 Smiles with my faithless smiler, hears his tale,
 That might with SYRENS, or CIRCE prevail.
 Poor unsuspecting maid, too late she’ll prove,
 Cleanthus mind was never but to rove.

V E R S E S,

E X T E M P O R E,

On seeing the occasional ILLUMINATED PAINTINGS, at Major STEHELIN's, of the Royal Artillery, at WINCHESTER, on the 18th of January, 1781, in commemoration of his MAJESTY's Birth-day.

INSIDIOUS FRANCE, deluded SPAIN,
And *THOU so fam'd for treachery;
Combin'd, your efforts all are vain,
BRITANNIA dreads no enemy.

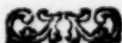
Great trident-bearing NEPTUNE will,
His fav'rite isle secure from harms;
With Heaven-born WISDOM aiding still,
The land approv'd for arts and arms.

Terrorem!

• Holland

Terrorem! —hark! —the Lion roars,
 Emblem of ALBION's inbred power ;
 Scourge of her foes on foreign shores,
 The faithless only to devour.

Long, long may royal CHARLOTTE reign;
 The pride of all the earthly Queens ;
 When from her throne she's greatly ta'en,
 Grace fairest of the Elysian scenes.



V E R S E S,

T O D E L I A.

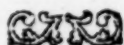
Who was desirous of hearing the AUTHOR'S
reason for being a Soldier, when he might
have staid at home in affluence and ease.

YOU ask me, DELIA, if BELLONA's charms
More powerful are, more pleasing than
thy arms ?

If cold incampment in the field can be,
Prefer'd to downy beds and sports with thee ?
“ What could, you cry, induce my love to go ? ”
Left not ACHILLES, DESDIMONIA so ?
When from BYTHINIA's Court he ran, to bear.
The brazen shield, and tripple pointed spear :
Een sage ULISSSES blest'd with wealth and ease,
PENELOPE forsook, and cross'd the seas.

All

ALL GREECE in arms on TROY destruction hurl'd.
 BRITANNIA now engag'd with half the world,
 Asks ev'ry youth to hasten to the wars,
 And Love's free Votaries are fit for MARS :
 Yet dearest Nymph, howe'er so fit I prove,
 For war, my pleasure's to be fit for love.
 Tho' 'tween us Ocean rudely rolls his tide,
 Where green-hair'd Nymphs and sporting TRI-
 TON's glide ;
 Nor time, nor place, affection's change shall see,
 The sword I draw for BRITAIN, draw for thee ;
 And when amid vast charging hosts I join,
 Will conquer faster, DELIA, to be THINE.



THE
I N V I T A T I O N .

TO DELIA.

O Lovely Maid, for whom my pipe has been,
So often tun'd by Royal THAMES's fide,
My life, my love, my Shepherdess, my Queen,
My long expected, often wish'd for bride.

Say, wilt thou deign to visit WINDSOR's bow'rs?
With DAMON deign to share these cool re-
treats,
Where NATURE's Goddess unremitting shower,
With lib'ral hand, a thousand fragrant sweets.

Where the sweet woodbine and the jessamine
grows,
And the much famed river glides along,

Each

Each border kissing, gently as it flows,
Like easy numbers of ARCADIAN song.

There lovely DELIA, there my pipe shall be,
Tun'd to thy praise,—thy everlasting praise,
The fairest NYMPH shall be outdone by thee,
And every SWAIN shall envy DAMON's lays.



AN

E N I G M A,

For the L A D I E S.

And first published in their OWN MEMORAN-
DUM-BOOK for 1780.

YOU'VE heard how PROTEOUS often
chang'd his shape,

One day a lion and the next an ape ;

A wolf, a tyger, male or female kind,

Or whate'er suited with his monstrous mind ;

But,—Ladies,—PROTEOUS never could have
been,

In half the various figures I am seen ;

Sometimes I'm SOL, in dazling splendour dress,

Just rising or just sinking in the west ;

A full rob'd King or beaultious Queen may prove,

A leopard,

A leopard, eagle, swan, or turtle-dove ;
 A HECTOR here, may there ACHILLES be,
 NOW DESDIMONIA, now ANDROMACHE,
 A band of Trojans, or a Grecian host,
 Nay DIDO weeping for ÆNEAS lost.

Now Ladies,—lovely Ladies, What am I ?
 Sweet mystic Riddlers of a curious eye ;
 Tell, tell the world, what but yourselves an tell,
 O then be laurel-crown'd by singing well.



[84]

A N

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

SER J. DUNSTAN,

Of his Majesty's YORKSHIRE NORTH-RIDING
VOLUNTEER Regiment of Foot, Command-
ed by Colonel Earl FAUCONBRIDGE, who
died at St. ALBANS, Feb. 5, 1781. aged 23
Years.

MY Comrades, in sorrow let's join,
The volunteer DUNSTAN is dead,
MELPOMENE, first of the Nine
For Elegy,—lend me thy aid.

His worth calls aloud for our lays,
The virtues in him were combin'd,
Concordance

Concordance, how meet in his praise,
His equal how rarely we find.

His actions and words would agree,
In his bosom no rancour was known ;
His passions were gen'rous and free,
He was fill'd SENSIBILITY'S own.

Ye virgins bring laurel and straw,
Round the tomb where our Comrade is laid
In wreaths it was fit for his brow,
But he's left us and Peace to his Shade.

Yes peace, gentle youth, to thy manes,
That were theme for a Laureat's best lay ;
Though grief may incumber the strains,
The sad tribute we gratefully pay.

AN

H Y M N

FOR

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

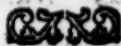
HARK! hark! what joyful sounds are these
Which vibrate from above?
To Earth,—long troubl'd earth. be peace,
T'war'ds men good-will and love.

As Shepherds left their flocks, and fought,
The new-born Saviour dear,
So let us quit each worldly thought;
And look for JESU here.

Here

Here, where he will be found of those,
 Who seek his face aright,
 And for their Sovereign King have chose,
 Th'imortal Heir of Light.

Transported then, let all the earth,
 For JESU, JESU, call ;
 And hail with songs of awful mirth,
 This solemn Festival.



ANOTHER HYMN,
FOR
CHRISTMAS DAY

A WAKE my harp to chearful sound,
On ev'ry tuneful string ;
Rejoice, and laud, ye nations round,
The earth's imperial King.
Rejoice, this day of humble birth,
Of friendless virgins too ;
Was born a SAVIOUR,—wake O Earth !
MAHOMET, PAGAN, JEW !
Wake O my harp ;—no common theme
Invites thy trembling pow'rs ;
No idle fiction, airy dream,
But ANGELS, such as yours.

An E P I S T L E.

T O

G A L L I A,

WEEP! GALLIA, weep! thy crested
flowers,

A deadly crimson shed ;
Abash'd by ALBION's rosy bowers,
See ! how each hangs it's head.

Ah ! weep,—thy treach'ries now return,
Upon thy guilty brow ;
Whilst ALBION's fame is still upborne,
By all the winds that blow.

And—didst thou deem, mistaken Foe,
The seas wear all thy own ?

BRITANNIA

BRITANNIA so distress'd and low,
Was to be trampled down.

Old OCEAN's early nurter'd Sons,
Maintain the rights SHE gave;
And far as e'er a billow runs,
Are Monarchs of the Wave.

Mourn GALLIA !—unremedied mourn,
Along thy 'frighted shores;
By BRITONS still be scourg'd ;—their scorn,
And Hark ! the *Lion roars !

THE

* The Unanimity which at present subsists through
the Kingdoms of *Great-Britain*, and *Ireland*.

THE
F A R E W E L L.

SHEPHERDS now I quit the plains,
Quit ye many whistling swains;
Boxen pipe, and pastoral flute,
Oaten reed, and warbling lute.

Arbours, Alcoves, Grots and Bow'rs,
Nature's sweetest, choicest Flow'rs,
Linnet, Thrush, and Philomel,
Pleasing Choristers farewell !

Streams that o'er the pebbles play,
Nymphs, and Shepherdesses gay;
Wreaths from IDA's fairest Grove,
All adieu, adieu to Love.

Welcome

Welcome some sequester'd cot,
Peaceful solitude my lot ;
Far remov'd from Passion's winds,
Form'd for contemplative minds.

There unknown to fame or power,
Life's vain idle fleeting hour,
Held by FATE,—observ'd shall pass,
Trickling thro' the sandy glass.

F I N I S.



